

AROUSE THE TOWN

DECLARATION OF WAR FILLED THE
STREETS AS BY MAGIC.

INTENSELY PATRIOTIC SCENES

WHISTLES AND BELLS CARRIED
THE NEWS FAR AND WIDE.

BAND PARADED THE STREETS

FLAGS FLOATED FROM THOUSANDS
OF BUILDINGS.The News That Hostilities Will Soon
Begin Created Patriotic Enthu-
siasm Throughout the En-
tire City. Some Re-
markable Street
Scenes.

The sky was curtained with gray, and from the lowering clouds there was a steady fall of raindrops, which dampened the ardor of the patriots who all day long had been watching the war bulletins. A decided thinning of the clouds was noticeable as the hands of the clock on the post-office prepared to signal the hour of 2 p. m. With a few exceptions the flags unfurled on Wednesday had disappeared, and those that remained, with colors damp and dimmed, trailed heavily at the ropes or entangled themselves about the staves.

It was murky overhead, muddy under foot, and generally disagreeable for everybody, inasmuch that those in a position to do so remained indoors until there should be signs of clearing. The hands of the clock indicated the hour of 2, when the big bell in the Walnut street fire station rang out a warning peal. There were no bulletins up at the moment, but instinctively it was felt by those who heard that the news of the crisis had been wired from Washington.

When the clanging of the bell continued, and to its noise was added that of other bells and of deep toned whistles in the packing houses and railroad yards, the feeling became a certainty and spread like wildfire to the 50,000 homes in Greater Kansas City. In five minutes from the first tap of the bell, 5,000 people were massed in front of the newspaper offices. No conflagration ever summoned such a crowd in so short a time, and from shops and stores, public buildings and private residences the people were hastening by scores until it was as if a panic had seized them, except that their countenances bore traces of an ardent desire rather than of alarm and terror.

The rain still fell, but it was unheeded; the leaden clouds were overhead, but they were lost sight of, for now a new brilliancy, nearer to earth and possessing a stronger hold on the minds and hearts of men, was dispelling the gloom. The folds of a great garrison flag were shaken out from the upper window of a business house and fell over the whole office front. A cheer went up, and was repeated when the flag above the postoffice building, at half mast since the Maine disaster, shot quickly to the masthead, followed by the revenue ensign, from whose white field the American eagle looked down from a crescent field of colonial stars.

To Notify the Public.
It had been arranged that the moment war was declared the Associated Press correspondent in this city would notify "central" at the telephone office and messages would be telephoned to the fire department and the big packing houses so that bells might ring and whistles blow in concert and thus tell the news to the whole city. It was almost 2 o'clock when the three words: "War is declared!" came flashing over the wires from the nation's capital. A redoubt of silence fell upon the central telephone office buzzed vigorously. "Hello!" said central, in a monotonous, matter of fact way.

"This is the Associated Press."
"Yes."
"War is declared!"

Central sent in a fire alarm to headquarters and in response to the "Br-r-r-r" of the telephone bell there was a quick rush and clanging of bells to engines and wagons.

"Where's the fire, central?" asked Alex Henderson, as soon as the bell stopped ringing.

"War is declared," was the answer. "War is declared," he shouted Henderson, and he banged the telephone receiver in its socket and leaped up the stairway to the second floor. He seized a rope, threw his weight downward upon it, and the great bell in the tower above clanged out to the people in the streets the first announcement of the news.

It had hardly rung out its second alarm till the hoarse sound of Armour's packing house whistle joined the clangor, and soon the dull, sullen roar of other big whistles, and the shrill, piercing shrieks of whistles, from switch engines and factories and the ringing of other bells sounded in noisy chorus.

People on the streets stopped and listened, not understanding, at first, the meaning of it. Shopkeepers and clerks ran to their doors and went bareheaded into the street. Windows everywhere went up and heads were put out to listen wonderingly. Then on every street corner and in every group everywhere there was some person who knew what it meant and who shouted: "War has been declared!"

Flags Quickly in Evidence.
Within five minutes after the first stroke of the bell at fire headquarters the whole city knew that war, at least, was a fact. As if by magic, when the national colors were sent to the masthead above the federal building a brisk wind blew up from the south. It was in good time to make itself useful, for the whole city was already putting on gala attire. There was a desire to see the bright colors of "Old Glory" displayed that was fiercer than the greed for Klondike gold, as it was also nobler. Bundles of flags of all shapes and sizes appeared mysteriously, as if hoarded up for the occasion, and were as rapidly placed in position above store entrances, in front of the windows, against awnings, on telephone poles—everywhere that a flag could be lashed or nailed in place.

Then the stars and stripes began to unfold their glory above the stately buildings of the city, big garrison flags on hand-some standards were hung high along the streets from the lofty balconies above Main, and tiny editions of the national banner appeared in the hands of everyone who could secure so coveted a treasure. Women fastened them in the folds of the pocket-books they carried, tied them at the ends of parasols or pinned them over their hearts. Men wore them on coat lapels, or carried them on their umbrellas, no longer used as a protection against the rain. The red, white and blue decked the street cars and nodded in the harness worn by horses attached to vehicles of all descriptions.

The view on Main street, especially, was like that of a city welcoming the return

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of victorious armies. It was not the glory of a carnival, but that which is seen when every thought and every aspiration is for the country's weal. From the bluffs it could be seen that the same fever of patriotism had spread far and wide. Over all the big buildings in the West bottoms the stars and stripes were waving, and a man who climbed to the summit of the dome of the federal building said that to the limits of his vision he saw, at a moment when the sun broke through a rift in the clouds, the brilliancy of countless banners heightened by the golden halo that encircled the city to its remotest suburb.

Thousands of people throughout the city boarded street cars and went downtown to read the bulletins in the windows of the newspaper offices, and great crowds gathered there and on every street corner in the business districts.

Young Men Cheer.
The young men cheered the news and were light-hearted. They swung their hats and hurrahed, and looked laughingly into each other's eyes. In every group, though, there were men with faces anxious and soberly drawn.

"That is the saddest sound I ever heard," said a well known business man as he listened to the bells and whistles. "What's that, mister?" spoke up a young man whose enthusiasm was bubbling over. "I've seen war, my boy," answered the business man. "And we don't know where this war is going to end."

But there was no lack of patriotism anywhere and everywhere. Even the sober faced men who shook their heads and said it was a dreadful thing that the country was plunged into war ended by declaring that, now that the country was in for it, everybody must go to the front and see to it that the Spaniards were whipped in a hurry and the war ended quickly.

Walnut street from Ninth street north to fire headquarters was blocked with people. They cheered each fresh war bulletin hung in the windows. The Third Regiment band came marching down playing: "The crowd pushed back to give it passage-way and then closed in behind it hurrahing."

At the recruiting office men stood in line waiting a chance to come. At Ninth and Central streets, in the recruiting office there, H. H. Craig, who is at the head of the regiment, stood upon a table, a half hour after the news of the declaration of war, and announced:

"Men, I have the good news to tell you that 400 picked men from the Armour packing plant have been recruited for this regiment and will be known as the Armour battalion."

Not All Enthusiastic.
The people packed into the street cheered and the ones outside who could not get in took it up and almost drowned out with their shouts the music of the life and drum band of war veterans who, standing in a circle on the sidewalk, was playing:

"While we march through Georgia."
It was not all enthusiasm in the great crowd that gathered at Ninth and Walnut streets within a few minutes after the bells and whistles announced the declaration of war. With stately, swinging steps, a crowd of men who had been in suspense for weeks, dreading war and praying that it would not come. And here they were face to face with it at last. The broad postoffice steps were full of people looking out over the gathering thousands in the street below. At first no loud demonstration of enthusiasm came up out of the crowd. And then the Third Regiment band, in full uniform, with stately, swinging steps, came marching down the street. As it reached the outskirts of the crowd it struck up:

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally round the flag, boys,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom."

Instantly the great throng was aflame with enthusiasm. The strains of the old military tune, to which thousands had marched to death and glory on many a battlefield, thrilled them. They cheered, some with voices shaking with sobe. Men and women, a host of people, some of them in the crowd on the postoffice steps, wept, with handkerchiefs to their eyes. It was the first touch they had felt of the real presence and dread of war.

A half hour later, when this same band marched past the corner of Eleventh and Walnut streets, playing another of those thrilling battle hymns, a little old woman, with bent shoulders, faded bonnet and shawl, and a wrinkled face, pressed her handkerchief to her mouth and shrunk bashfully out of the cheering crowd to a place behind a big telegraph pole, and there she stood with tears streaming from her eyes, and no one asked her why she wept.

In front of the Wabash ticket office at Ninth and Delaware streets was a group of business men soon after the declaration of war was known. In the group were Blake L. Woodson, who was a major in the Confederate army; H. F. Devo, who was a general in the Federal army, and Representative Clark. These three prominent men were talking about war and they took differing views of it. Representative Clark deplored war. He spoke feelingly of the many who, as a price for their patriotism, would have offered up their lives as a sacrifice. General Devo was sorry that war could not have been averted. Major Woodson put the handle of his umbrella in his shoulder, aimed it and pointed along as if it had been a gun-barrel and said with indignant voice:

Many Patriotic Incidents.
"I haven't many more years to live but I would give a few years off the end of my life to fire the first gun at those confounded Spaniards."

In the window of a store next door to fire headquarters on Walnut street were hung yesterday afternoon about a dozen lithograph scenes in the last war, and right in the center of all of them a large picture of the destruction of the Maine in Havana harbor. A dense crowd stood in front of the window and "cussed" the Spaniards. In the crowd were a good many veterans of the

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PATRIOTIC SHOUTING.



The Scene at Ninth and Walnut Streets Five Minutes After the Announcement That War Had Been Declared.

late war and a discussion of the correctness of the war scenes illustrated in the pictures went steadily on.

The announcement that war had come between the United States and Spain was passively received at the stock yards. While generally approved there was no demonstration or excitement of any kind. The expected had happened and that was all. A few flags were displayed from the windows and this was the exception rather than the rule. While war was the one topic of conversation it was not allowed to interfere with business, and but few men quit their offices for uptown earlier than usual.

One of the most inspiring sights in all the impromptu demonstrations made with a few minutes after the announcement of a declaration of war was when a man scaled the dome of the new government building and from the rampart-looking crest waved a flag above his head. The fire bell had just ceased ringing when he made his appearance. The man had evidently seized a small flag in his haste to climb to the dome of the federal building, and from the street it looked no larger than a man's hand. The dignified and impregnable appearance of the big building which represents Uncle Sam's government was a setting for the patriotic demonstration that added fuel to the enthusiasm of the thousands of people who thronged the streets, and cheer after cheer greeted the man on the dome.

Like a Call to Arms.
Down on Grand avenue, the scene which followed the receipt of the war news was like a camp of troops responding to a call to arms. As the ringing of the fire bell continued doors and windows were filled with questioning faces. Of course the war was the first thought, and when the hoarse bellow of Armour's whistle came thrumming up over the bluff there was no doubt of it. With one accord the long line of shopkeepers dodged back into their stores, to reappear a moment later with guns and swords, and with flag, and in less than time it takes to tell it the grey store fronts and soaked awnings were covered with red, white and blue.

One of the first to deck his place of business with the patriotic emblem was Undertaker Kendle. He must have had his flags up his sleeve, for before some of the clerks were realizing what had happened he had a dozen little "glories" sticking over the sidewalk in front of his establishment.

Residents of the high part of the city out at Scarritt park in the north-east portion of the city were the first to see the blowing of the whistles told them that war had at last come. They wondered at the great chorus of whistles at first, and thinking of fire trucks rushing to see where the blaze was. Instead of a blaze of fire they could see flags being run up on top of the many high buildings of the city. One by one they popped up from all points, and as they watched the flags grew in numbers until there was a fringe of waving banners shown across the whole business portion of the city as all the flags were finally raised to their places. They were on top of the business houses, the public buildings, the school houses, the office buildings and

other places until from one side of the city to the other there was a line of waving flags betokening the patriotic feeling of the people. It was a beautiful and inspiring sight.

There were no crowds upon the streets last night. Only a scattering few stood reading the war bulletins. There were no cheers. A crowd of boys, carrying flags, and making a great deal of noise, marched through some of the business streets, and men smiled at sight of them. A man might have walked over all the town and seen nothing to remind him that war was on except the great number of flags that hung limp in the rain from building fronts and flagstaves.

PATROLMEN AS SOLDIERS.

A Number of Officers and Detectives
Join the Militia to Go
to War.

When the central telephone operator called Operator Condon, of the police telephone system, and cried, "War!" in his ear, he shouted, "Hurrah!" Chief Hayes and the officers at headquarters were instantly rushing about the station telling the news a score of times in the enthusiasm. They raised the windows and listened to the ringing fire bells, the deep voiced whistles from the packing houses and shriller whistles from the numerous factories in the North end. Operator Condon had not much more than given the news at Central station until the officers from all parts of the city began calling in from the patrol boxes.

"War's been declared," kept repeating the operator through the telephone. And then the officers wanted the latest news. "Have they fired on us yet?" and a hundred similar questions were poured into the ear of the operator. Detective Tom Hayde and Sam Lowe dropped into the station a few minutes later.

"We've enlisted; been sworn in and may be on the march any time," they announced. "Officer Morris has enlisted, too," said a patrolman.

"Al Ryan is another one," came from somewhere else. "There won't be anyone left to catch the booze peddlers and the burglars, at this rate," suggested a citizen, who had dropped into the station.

But whether the policemen and the detectives will all enlist or not, they were stirred up as much as any one yesterday afternoon. They were as eager to get a fresh bit of news from Washington as the clerks, who stood in front of their places of business all over the city.

"Will we get our places back if we enlist?" asked a number of officers of Chief Hayes during the afternoon. "I don't know. The commissioners have not exactly provided for anything like this," replied the chief. "But I suppose that in case any of the officers are needed to fight for the honor of their country, they can go and their places would be open when they get back."

Either the officers were too much enthused with patriotism, or the arrests or else the lawless character of the city caused them to feel that they were needed to fight for their usual avocations and become

patriotic, too, during the afternoon, for scarcely an arrest was made.

"HELLO" GIRLS WERE BUSY.

Greatest Day in the History of the
Exchange—Nearly All 'Phones
in Use at Once.

When the bells and whistles were made to carry the tidings of war to every part of the city yesterday afternoon, the Central Telephone exchange immediately became a scene of the greatest activity. There are 3,400 phones in use in this city and the subscribers, or others having access to the phones, hastened to call up "central" and inquire the meaning of the unusual clamor.

About the big switchboard in the Telephone building a full force of operators were gathered. Suddenly the "drops" seemed to fall at once. Where usually but a few cords are up before each of the forty girls at one time, there were no longer any down. Firemen came first, thinking they might have mistaken the call of the bell at headquarters, but soon there was but one form of inquiry: "Is that the signal that war has been declared?"

Never since the famous Sullivan-Corbett battle at New Orleans was there anything approaching the rush of that night until yesterday, and yesterday literally eclipsed it. The young women were remarkably cool and handled the flood of news as they simply could not respond to all at once, or get the connections that all were calling for. No force could have accomplished such a feat.

TOO MUCH FOR THE JURY.

They Lost Interest in the Trial When
the Band Played "The Red,
White and Blue."

There was a jury trial going on in Justice Ebert's courtroom yesterday when the Third Regiment band marched up the street playing "Red, White and Blue." For a while the jurymen valiantly kept their faces to the front, but they couldn't keep the thread of the testimony and the lawyers themselves gradually became vague in their questions. Finally, just as the band came opposite the windows, the clerk raised the one at his side, and frantically waved his handkerchief, one of the attorneys started from his seat, but paused to request a recess for the jury, and in about two seconds the judge and the principals were leaning out of the window over the crowd below, and hurrahing quite lustily.

HOTELS RESPOND PROMPTLY.

Huge Flags Flung to the Breeze at
the First Declaration

The hotels of the city responded to the war alarm yesterday very promptly by flying flags from the tops of the houses. The flag on the Victoria flies all the time, and so it was the first one yesterday to wave a patriotic response to the declaration. It was not enough, however, for Manager

Stanton to have one flag, so he flung out another, and from this time on, as long as there is trouble, the Victoria will fly two flags. The Midland hung out its big flag at the first announcement, and the Coates House, the Savoy, the Washington, the Brunswick, Corvair, Union Depot, and Blossom house also responded promptly. No matter where the incoming traveler went last evening to seek a night's repose, he slept beneath the waving folds of the flag.

RESURRECTION OF A HOWITZER

Buried at Beginning of Civil War and
Unearthed at the Beginning
of Another.

Workmen, engaged in excavating for the foundation of the new school building, on West Maple avenue, in Independence, yesterday, dug up a mountain howitzer which was buried thirty-seven years ago at the beginning of the civil war. The cannon was three feet in length and shot a ball weighing six pounds. It was the property of Captain D. C. Woodhall and was given to him in 1860 by John F. McCauley while Captain Woodhall was fighting across the plains. The cannon was brought home by the captain, who mounted it on a pair of wooden trunnions and each Fourth of July it would wake the neighborhood.

Captain Woodhall lived in the little red house which was torn down by the workmen and this cannon was his special "pet." He kept it in the back yard and it was much admired by the small boys of the early '60s. The martial spirit of Captain Woodhall was not shared by his wife to any great extent. The cannon served Fourth of July celebrations until the war broke out. Captain Prince, of Fort Leavenworth, was ordered from the fort to Independence and his coming caused uneasiness to Mrs. Woodhall. It was the general impression that if the captain found this formidable piece of artillery in Captain Woodhall's yard, explanations would be in order and the relatives of Captain Woodhall decided on a strategic move.

One day while the captain was uptown the cannon was trundled farther back into the yard. A deep hole was dug and the cannon pitched in and covered over. Captain Woodhall missed his "pet," but the family was dumb as to its whereabouts. No one knew of its location except Mr. A. F. Anderson, a relative, and he kept his secret so well that as the years passed he forgot the resting place of the howitzer.

Captain Woodhall never found his artillery, and mourned it as lost. Hostilities had just commenced in this state, and in a short time afterward the war was on in full blast. Buried at the beginning of the civil war, and resurrected at the beginning of a war against a foreign nation, serves as a coincidence which was commented on generally yesterday. The old war relic was so badly rusted after its long burial that it would be dangerous to shoot it again, but small boys picked up the piece of artillery and carried it to the fight at Spaulding in case the country gets into a pinch.

THIS A FATEFUL MONTH.

Some of the Most Important Events in
American History Took Place
During April.

April begins its career in cap and bells, with pranks and jokes on east. But its later days have been singularly tragic in the history of this country. More momentous events have occurred during this month than in any month in the year, saving perhaps July alone.

The history of the month begins April 19, 1775, when the minute men won the first victory of the Revolution at Lexington, and it closes to date with the same day, 123 years later, when April 19, 1898, the congress of the United States declared that the people of Cuba, like those of the colonies, whose cause was at stake at Lexington, were and of right ought to be free and independent.

Every war the United States has fought but one began in April. The battle of Lexington was fought April 19, 1775.

The first engagement of the Mexican war was fought April 24, 1846, and the first engagement of the war with Spain laid fair to be fought forty-two years later to a day.

Fort Sumter was fired on April 12, 1861, and surrendered the same day. On April 11, President Lincoln issued his first call for troops.

General Lee surrendered to General Grant April 9, 1865, and ended the civil war.

Five days later, April 14, 1865, President Lincoln was assassinated.

NO TIME FOR RED TAPE.

"Commodore" Kreeger Does Not Wait
for Uncle Sam to Supply a Rope
to Hold Old Glory.

"War has been declared," shouted Dave Wallace at the surveyor's camp. On the day yesterday afternoon at 2:36 as he hung up the receiver of the telephone. Turning to Dave Mansfield, the janitor, he told him to run up the flag at once. It had not been flying on account of the repairs. Mansfield never did anything that afforded him more pleasure than when he helped Janitor Doyle and Engineer Crabtree run up the flag. He pulled so hard on the rope that he weakened it and after being up a few minutes the rope parted and the flag went down. Mansfield carried the news of the flag being down to the office.

"Here's a dollar, go get a good rope," exclaimed "Commodore" Kreeger. "We won't ask the treasury department to buy it now, we want the flag up there again good and quick." And it was put back again in a few minutes.

Street Railroad Officers Patriotic.
The Metropolitan Street Railway Company is not to be outdone in patriotic propositions. Learning that a number of its conductors and gripmen were anxious to enlist and, in fact, had already signed with the new volunteer regiment being organized by Colonel Craig, the company has announced that such of their men as desire to go to the front will be put to work in their old places upon their return from the war.

Recruiting Office at Independence.

Last night Company F. N. G. M., opened a recruiting office in Independence, and is now ready for all patriotic citizens who wish to enlist for the war. Company F. is in good condition, says Captain Ward, and expects to go to the front with the Third regiment when ordered. Captain Florence will open a recruiting office to-day to secure recruits for Company G. First Missouri volunteers, which, if ordered to the front, will belong to the Craig command.

Joe Speyer Is Patriotic.

Colonel Joe Speyer, well known editor of the Kansas City Reform, grew patriotic last evening when he read all of the war news and made the announcement that he was ready to furnish the most complete ambulance outfit to be obtained for the first German-American regiment, that he organized and went to the front. The outfit, he says, will be ready for the command prior to the time it leaves and he guarantees to make it entirely satisfactory.

Thought Hostilities Had Begun.

When the whistles began to blow for war yesterday afternoon, Detective Boyle had just brought in to Justice Wallace's court for arraignment Elmer Bailey, the man who stole Ferd Heim's famous \$20 hog that he rooted up Menzies' island. At the first blast of the big curfew whistle, Boyle left his prisoner in the back part of the court room and rushed to the door, shouting, "By the gods, they've begun to fight!"

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